

You fucked me up and left me hanging from the bottom rung  
And now my wrists are sore, these hands no good for anyone  
So now I'm trying to make it through my first June without you  
Without you

I can't feel anything past these broken bones  
And this last December only made me feel more alone (Don't come home)  
I'm not saying you're something that's stuck in my head  
Cause it takes more than a thorn to keep me out of the garden

I spent three summers here with my eyes open wide  
But now everything has crumbled along with your spine  
It's more apathy than anything anymore  
And less of where I'm standing at your front door  
Begging that you let me in

So go cry to your father in hopes that I'll unwrite these songs about  
his daughter

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I don't sleep anymore  
Knowing you're not getting much  
On the fourth floor of Townsend  
On the fourth floor of Townsend  
[x2]

I don't sleep anymore (Don't come home, don't come home)  
Knowing you're not getting much  
On the fourth floor of Townsend (Don't come home, don't come home)  
On the fourth floor of Townsend

(And you're a little too close to home)  
I don't sleep anymore (Don't come home, don't come home)  
Knowing you're not getting much  
(And you're a little too close to home)  
On the fourth floor of Townsend (Don't come home, don't come home)  
On the fourth floor of Townsend

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